

## The Critic

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### Martin Luther.

IT IS NOT STRANGE that the birthday of Luther should be celebrated in the land of his nativity and the places made glorious by his achievement; that new biographies of him should be published; that portraits of the man should be distributed; that his books should be reprinted; that essays and discoveries by eminent men should be given to the public; that fresh estimates of his character and work should be made by distinguished thinkers. The marvel is that the whole Protestant world does not indulge in enthusiastic encomium of its great founder, does not magnify the author of the new dispensation of spiritual liberty in faith and worship. For this is his significance as a historical character, this is his conceded position among Protestant believers. The people commemorate persons, not principles. They like concrete realities; they crave personal contact; they must have flesh and blood; a little dirt, a rank smell, a coarse fibre, a touch of vulgarity is to their taste; over-much delicacy, refinement, sensibility, scholarship, critical nicety, repels them. Nature itself seems to abhor an excess of cultivation. We cannot breathe pure oxygen or drink unadulterated spirits, or eat ethereal food. Even ignorance, stolidity, mental inertia and spiritual short-sightedness, are sheaths that preserve the sword of the spirit from rust, prevent its wounding the wrong person; in a word, keep its activity within limits. It may be quite true that the same results would have been attained had Luther never been born. The drifting vessel may in course of time reach the same goal with the steamship, but it will be much longer about it, and it will pursue a devious track, with frequent stoppages, with retrograde motions, with incessant interruption from winds and currents. The steamship has all the winds inside, disregards the eddies, ploughs a straight furrow, goes steadily forward, arrives quickly and surely at its destination, uses the elements which keep the sailboat back, while it takes advantage of every favorable circumstance of time and tide. But then, the steamship has its inconveniences. There is the noise of machinery, the forced action of the boat against the waves, the unyielding pressure of mechanical agency, the heat of the furnace, the smell of oil, the din of the stokers shovelling coal or discharging ashes, the nuisance of cinders, the danger of fire, the risk of explosion, the peril of collision. The general electricity of the earth does not dispense with telegraph wires or render magnets valueless. Without it they could lend no service, but without *them* it certainly would not perform the tasks that man requires. So Luther might have been nothing without his age, but what would that have been without Luther? In him the tendencies of the generation, the elements which were abroad in the XVIth Century came to a head, culminated as personal power.

That he was a man of genius is not here called in ques-

tion. That he started the movement that bears his name—the Reformation—is not disputed. That he deserves the praise he has received is not denied. That the place conceded to him in history is fairly his, may be frankly admitted. There is no disposition to underestimate his work, or to depreciate his merit. Still, as time goes on, and investigation is pushed into the details of his conduct and the circumstances of his age, it becomes more and more evident that the man was qualified for his mission by certain defects, which, while they brought him into sympathy with the people of his time, rendered him invulnerable to the ecclesiastical and spiritual arrows that would have hurt, perhaps have killed, a more thin-skinned mind. There is a proverb, 'Fortune favors Fools,' the meaning of which is that they who are unaware of dangers escape them, that not to fear perils is to elude them. Martin Luther was no fool in the ordinary sense of the word, very far from it. Still, he may have been protected, balanced, furthered, by a kind of constitutional thickness of intellectual integument that made him unconscious in a measure of the perils that beset him. He did not *realize* them, as we say. They did not 'come home' to him. We cannot compare him with Savonarola, his Italian precursor, who, though guarded by his faith, which ran into fanaticism, was, by temperament, sensitive and fine. The XVth Century was too early for any great ecclesiastical revolution, nor was Florence a city where it could be inaugurated. Savonarola carried no multitude with him, had no secular prince to shelter him, stood alone, fought his battle, and died his death. There is a tradition that Luther, on his way to Worms, passed the night at a convent where a portrait of Savonarola, who was a Catholic to the end, hung on the wall. The stout German, so the story goes, looked at it long and intently ere he proceeded. But it is doubtful if Luther could have done Savonarola's work. They were very different men, as well as of very different centuries. [Luther was of harder material, of coarser texture, of less subtle insight, not so spiritual, not so humane, not so nervous, more animal, more robust, more fleshly, more largely endowed with 'commonsense,' the faculty that compels success, that makes things 'go.'] A prophet, a seer, a breath of inspiration, a sublime visionary, he could not be. He was a reformer rather than a regenerator, with less wit and more humor than becomes the poet. That Savonarola was a Catholic and Luther a Protestant merely indicates the date of their birth, not the cast of their genius. That one was Italian the other German does not explain their unlikeness. Melancthon was Luther's friend and coadjutor, but had not the same nature. Erasmus was of Luther's generation and felt the ferment of the epoch; but the contrast between them has passed into a proverb. [Luther was a rough, rude man, with all his genius and all his gentleness—a wholesale, terrestrial, man; and to this roughness, rudeness, earthiness, his victory was due.] To this was owing the warmth of his sympathy, the heartiness of his humor, the native force of his spoken and written thought, the racy heartiness of his scholarship, and his homely rendering of the Scriptures into the language of popular speech, even his courage so largely made up of indomitable wilfulness, and his tenderness so full of simply human emotion. His love of music was homespun and plain—not soaring or seraphic. He was a child of the soil. He lived near the ground. He thought in masses. He felt broadly and naturally. Religious he was by nature and by education, but his religion—the parent of modern naturalism—was of the untutored heart, the untrained impulse, the impassioned instinct. His marriage, the motives that led to it, the circumstances that attended it, the domestic happiness that resulted from it, all declare what manner of man he was—an honest, downright, stubborn, cordial, rustic man, mus-

cular and brave, with blood in his veins, capable of getting mad, and of enjoying practical jokes. His furious rage against the Anabaptists at Münster, as well as against all who would carry his principles to extremes, shows how little addicted he was to formal logic—how ready he was to consult the dictates of commonsense.

Providence mingles a good deal of alloy with the fine gold of which the characters are wrought that are to make a broad mark on the world. Emerson, in his famous lecture on Napoleon I., whom he ranks among Representative Men, speaks of the terrible drawbacks on his moral disposition, which made possible his extraordinary achievement. But Emerson himself, one of the cleanest, most seraphic men that ever lived, fails to make a great popular impression on his time, by reason of his fineness and purity. He wielded a different weapon, was what Napoleon would have called an 'ideologist.' His influence may be more lasting; but it is *influence*, the effect of the highest genius on the best minds. Theodore Parker owed his astonishing power less to his vast reading, his capacious memory, his immense industry, than to his practical talent, his ability to state current thoughts in picturesque language, his sympathy with the ruling interests of his day and nation. His friend George Ripley was in some respects a more extraordinary man, of nicer critical faculty, of more evenly balanced intellect, but few comparatively ever heard of him. Melancthon was, on the whole, a finer intellect than Luther, but he is scarcely more than a name, while Luther is a leader of multitudes. We hardly ever hear of Melancthon except as Luther's opposite, and to his disparagement. He would, in fact, be quite forgotten but for his relation to the great reformer, who *clay* his way to the goal while the other was considering the difficulties that beset the path. What kind of a reformer would Montaigne have made, or any sceptic? A distinguished minister once said that he should have done something as a writer if his hands had been less delicate. He was too fastidious of touch to grasp tools by the handle. He shrank from contact with labor. The 'cast of thought' is 'pale'; it 'sicklies o'er' the objects it contemplates.

Luther was not separated from his fellow-men, or lifted above them by any accidents of fortune or disposition. He was destitute of private ambition to lead a movement, establish an institution, build up a family, or sit upon a spiritual eminence. He was homely in his tastes, unpretending in his manners, plain in his whole exterior. Probably no man could have been more surprised at his fame than he, for he neither sought it nor gave thought to it. He did not desire money. He lived and died poor. While others made gain from his writings, he made none. He was content with a humble lot, happy in his wife and children, honest of speech and conversation. His great task of translating the Bible was undertaken with simple fidelity to human wants; its prime excellence of speech was simply due to his determination to be intelligible to ordinary people, not to any affectation of plainness of style as a beauty in itself. He was not conscious that he was engaged on an immortal work, nor did he plume himself on his ability to render Hebrew and Greek into idiomatic German. In truth, he plumed himself on nothing that he had or was.

We have increased in many kinds of knowledge during the past four hundred years, in the science of matter and the science of mind. Protestantism has passed through many phases, at some of which he would have stood aghast. A few years ago it was loudly proclaimed that Protestantism was a failure because it had led to 'Parkerism' and Transcendentalism. Some are of opinion that the movement inaugurated by Martin Luther contained a destructive germ which ripened in course of time into the poisonous plant of rationalism, naturalism, humanism, atheism. Theodore

Parker did think of himself as a second Luther, sent to complete the work of the reform he initiated, and to carry out to its full results the principle of individual judgment in religion. The passionate theism of the Brahmo Somaj in India as presented by Protap Chunder Mozoomdar seems to many to repeat in substance the teaching of the great German who may be said to have 'built better than he knew.' These are questions that cannot be entertained here, even if such discussion were profitable or timely. The real genius of Protestantism is not now under debate. Be the decision what it may be, one thing is certain—that the character of Martin Luther is no failure, that the more closely it is studied the more honorable it will appear, that years will but add to its intrinsic nobleness. He was a living soul, and none but living souls rule in the spiritual world. Humility, simplicity, sincerity, unconsciousness, obedience, faith, command the future. It is safe to predict, moreover, that his ultimate thought, though altered in expression, will rule over philosophy as long as Christian Theism, with its endeavor after communion with God through Christ, is professed among men. The Protestant idea will ever be associated with his name, though interpretations may change and expositions may vary. Protestantism and Martin Luther are synonymous terms.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

### The Timeliness of Luther's Birth.

LUTHER WAS BORN at the right time. In that year, 1483, when he first saw the light, Columbus was besieging the Court of Lisbon to get the means of undertaking a westward voyage to the Indies. Luther was only nine years old when the New World was discovered. But there was time before this continent could be settled and possessed, for the freedom and the faith of Protestantism to gain strength enough to lay immovable foundations of power and of empire in North America. Had Luther been born later, the type of civilization among us might have been that of Mexico and the South American states, or such as French absolutism and Jesuit propagandism would have developed.

Luther was born not until after learning had revived, yet before the spirit of the Italian Renaissance had 'paganized' the Teutonic mind. The same man, at an earlier day, before the Bible and the Greek and Latin authors had begun to be eagerly studied, would have either lived out his days as an obscure monk, or have become the head of a more or less fanatical and unenlightened sect. On the other hand, if the German mind had become infected with the sceptical and frigid tone which the Renaissance was spreading among the Latin peoples, not even a Luther could have brought in a religious reform. His birth was timely as falling in an age of rekindled intellectual activity, when the art of printing furnished wings for all new thoughts to fly abroad from land to land.

Luther's birth was not so late that he lost the benefit of what was good in mediæval training. On the other hand, it was not so early that he was not touched and pervaded by the characteristic spirit of modern life. The training of Luther had in it invaluable elements. The discipline of intellect, gained in the study of Occam and of Gerbert, of other schoolmen, and of the Fathers whom the schoolmen most valued, he could not have spared. He criticised sharply Aquinas and other doctors, he reformed their theology; but had his intellect not been sharpened and invigorated by the days and nights which he spent with them, he would have been disqualified for this work. Still more did he owe to that development of conscience, of the sense of right and the obligations of divine law, which the mediæval religion, whatever its defects were, secured. No one can read Dante without being struck with the depth of conscientious feeling



which the education of the Middle Ages engendered in the best minds. That preparatory discipline of the moral nature which the law-system of the Old Testament was adapted to effect, the Church in the mediæval era, by a like method, did much to produce. Nevertheless, Luther emancipated himself from the legal and ascetic conception of religion. He attained to the freedom of the children of God. He came to look on this world, not as an abode of gloom, a place of exile, but as a temporary residence of man, given by his Heavenly Father—a residence not wanting in beauty and attraction, though it be only the vestibule of a higher state of being. In his broad sympathy with man as a denizen of this world—sympathy with the avocations, the diversions, the social institutions, of this mundane existence, all of which are to be leavened by the spirit of religion—he showed that he had advanced beyond the point of view of the mediæval saint.

The largeness of Luther's mind is evinced in the blending in him of the spirit of freedom and of faith. The Rationalist looks to Luther as to his intellectual father. He was a pioneer in the practical assertion of mental liberty. But along with this courage of intellect, there was a profound spiritual life, so that by the side of him, the Rationalist is seen to be but half a man.

What is it in Luther that, after four hundred years are gone, stirs the heart of the Protestant nations. It is not any one quality by itself. It is not any single function that he exercised—as that of theologian, teacher, author, translator. It is the man behind all. It is the great heart and the great mind, united together. He had very conspicuous faults. But, after all, most of the assaults upon him are like blaming a pillar for being of the Doric order and not of the more graceful Corinthian style. Whoever visits Great Head, on Mount Desert Island, does not look for a cliff of polished marble. He is satisfied with the massive crag which lifts itself on high, against whose rugged side the angry waves have spent their strength in vain. GEORGE P. FISHER.

### Luther's Personality.

IT IS A RARELY RICH personality on which the gaze of Protestantism is fixed at this time—a sturdy peasant's son who makes himself the friend of princes and a worthy foe for the two proudest potentates of civilization; a classical scholar and philosophic lecturer whose spiritual experiences convulsed Europe; a man of large affairs who so translated the Bible that his version became a standard of idiomatic German; an eager controversialist and a writer of hymns as sweet as 'Fairest Lord Jesus'; a world-reformer who sends to his little Johnny that inimitable letter about 'the beautiful garden'; a saint who was the jolliest of companions and whose burly humor rolls through his letters to his 'Rib Kate,' and bursts forth boisterously amid the most solemn discussions.

Wholesome the renewed study of such a powerful personality must prove to our generation, gone daft upon the idea of impersonality; wholesome alike in the culture of individual character, in the fashioning of a philosophy of history and of a philosophy of nature—another and a deeper matter than science. Such a study cannot fail also to give us the key to the religious movement of which he was the masterful leader. As in other historic instances, the person of the Founder of Protestantism holds the norm of the religion he inspired; and an understanding of his spirit will interpret the nature and destiny of the mighty movement he initiated. The Genius of Luther is the Genius of Protestantism. Catholicism will have it that Protestantism is a spirit of destructiveness. Was Luther a destructive? He certainly did have considerable pulling-down to do, and he did such

work, as all else that he set his hand to, heartily; but his life reveals a thoroughly conservative nature, which shrank instinctively from all excess; from the ecclesiastical extreme of Carlstadt, from the theological extreme of Zwingli, and from the social extreme of the Anabaptists. An iconoclast when any venerable image was crumbling to pieces and threatening ruin upon those who stood below it worshipfully, he took nothing out of the old temple that he thought could stand safely. He was, writes one of his biographers concerning his action in establishing the reformed worship, 'as usually, conservative.' He believed himself to be doing a real piece of conserving. He surely was as truly a conservator as the architect who, to save an old minster, tears down and rebuilds the walls that were settling rapidly, and were threatening total destruction to the venerable pile. He was not 'the spirit that denieth,' as pictured by his fellow-German. He was, in his way, an 'everlasting yea.' His voice gave new affirmation to faith; an affirmation which rings still through the soul of Protestant Christendom, wakening the echoes of belief.

Ultramontane Protestantism (or is it ultra-marine?) is so thoroughly satisfied with this constructive work of its German pope, that his every word becomes an oracle *ex cathedra*; and its test of loyalty is to submit all individual thought to the die of Luther's mind, and to accept as good no truth that was not minted in Wittenberg, four hundred years ago. So the Reformation becomes a stake to which the Ark of God is to be snugly moored. That antique craft may swing as far as her cable plays, but not an inch further. On no account may she trust herself to the currents and the winds, which are plainly in the hands of 'the god of this world,' 'the prince of the power of the air.' So to do is to drift out upon a sea as full of monsters as the oceans of the old maps; a sea where the only choice is as to how faith shall perish. From all this Ultramontane Protestantism, which out-Luthers Luther, we need simply appeal to Luther. Not to his opinions, which were formed by his age, as all opinions needs must be; but to the principles by which he sought to reach his opinions. Who that has carefully studied that virile reason, that mind thrown open to the rising light, that conscience pointing steadfast toward the right, could doubt that Luther, coming back to us to-day and thinking amid our knowledge, would be the first to throw off the authority of the Father of Protestantism, now ossified into a new papa-ship or Papacy? True, that in the appeal which he carried from the Church to the Bible he seemed to make a new oracle of the Scriptures; an infallible Bible over against an infallible Church. But that was simply because the time for the revolt against Bibliolatry and for the new Declaration of Independence had not come.

The principles of that Declaration lie scattered through his writings, and live in his great actions. With all his spiritual loyalty to the book of religion he would have been a most uncomfortable subject for it, as a king by right divine over the human reason. How many good orthodox doctors talk out in meeting about the 'Bibel, Buble, Babel,' as freely as brave Doctor Martin? His critical independence is clear enough. The book of Ecclesiasticus 'is not the work of Solomon, any more than is the book of Solomon's proverbs. They are both collections made by other people.' 'I am so great an enemy to the second book of the Maccabees, and to Esther, that I wish they had not come to us at all, for they have too many heathen unnaturalities.' 'The book of the Kings is excellent—a hundred times better than the Chronicles.' The Epistle of James is 'a right strawy epistle.' 'What matters it, even though Moses did not write it (the Pentateuch)?' His appeal to the Bible held in reserve a final appeal, if this were needed. 'That the Bible is God's word and book I prove thus.' I PROVE. That is the very

essence of true rationalism. It is the individual reason certifying the Bible from the supreme tribunal within the soul. At the Diet of Worms, his final position was: *'I must be convinced either by the witness of Scripture or by clear arguments.'* In strict accordance with this attitude was his uniform refusal to compel conformity to his doctrine. 'I will preach it, I will talk of it, I will write about it; but I will not use force or compulsion with any one.' Luther in New York in the XIXth Century would be the last to put his neck in the yoke of the Wittenberg Luther of the XVIth Century; the last to surrender the rights of conscience and reason to any external authority. He would stand, now as of old, for freedom and progress.

In which conclusion, Free-Thought, rounding the circle of criticism, joins hands with Catholicism, and declares that Protestantism is pure rationalism; the sign in which it conquers—the question-mark; the conclusion of its history—the blank page of Agnosticism. It will gradually disprove its own position and reason itself out of being. The end of its revolt against authority is the decheance of Christianity. To which again, other answers being not far off, the sufficient answer is—Luther. Had the logic of his movement led on to such a fatal conclusion, he would, with a wisdom higher than that fabricated by syllogisms, have halted before he came to the precipice. He had, strongly developed, the instinct which Macaulay attributes to mankind at large; the instinct which declines to push out to logical conclusions when those conclusions contradict the voice of other faculties; the instinct to which Mozley, in his charming *Reminiscences of the Oxford Movement* credits its stopping short of Rome. Logic, he saw, was not the all of mind. There are intuitions, affections, aspirations, faiths and hopes, which must have their say before sentence is found. Even if the result is illogical, it may be none the less the nearest possible approach to truth. We don't know yet everything that is necessary to frame a theory of creation. On the whole, let us wait for more light before following our torches into the bogs. Perhaps the day will clear up the difficulties of the night. This is the clew to Luther's compromises and hesitations which so disappoint men of 'vigor and rigor,' but which have so well satisfied the heart of Christendom through four centuries. Since God, said some one, knew that man would not continue in that state of innocence, why did he create him at all? Dr. Luther laughed and replied: 'The Lord, all-powerful and magnificent, saw that he should need in his house sewers and cess-pools. Be assured he knows quite well what he is about. *Let us keep clear of these abstract questions, and consider the will of God, such as it has been revealed unto us.*'

Most men of commonsense will still think that attitude wiser than the thoroughness of logic, and will adjourn transcendental problems, while they follow Him in whom the will of God is revealed most fully, onward toward the light. Let it be granted freely that Protestantism is carrying man back of ecclesiasticism and dogma and every secondary form of religion to the ground of all religion in the nature of man himself. That is just where Luther found—Christ. The Reformation was primarily a spiritual movement. It arose in the conscience. It was fed from the sense of sin and the hunger of the soul after God. It began in that moment when the troubled conscience saw that the face peering through his spirit was the face of Him who filled the spirit of Jesus, and he knew God. It was the mystics to whom Staupitz sent him—Tauler and the *Theologica Germanica*—who taught him thus to find God in his own nature, and Christ in the Word speaking within, the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

The preface to that remarkable book, *'The Oriental Christ,'* tells this whole story. It is human nature which in

the Hindu Mozoomdar speaks as it spake in the German Luther. 'As the sense of sin grew in me, and with it a deep miserable restlessness, a necessity of reconciliation between aspiration and practice, I was mysteriously led to feel a personal affinity to the spirit of Christ. . . . Suddenly, it was revealed to me, that close to me there was a holier, more blessed, most loving personality, upon which I might repose my troubled head. Jesus lay discovered in my heart. . . . A character, a spirit, a holy, sacrificed, exalted self, whom I recognize as the true Son of God.'

R. HEBER NEWTON.

### Luther as a Husband and Father.

'GOD'S GREATEST GIFT ON EARTH,' says Luther, 'is a pious, kindly, God-fearing, and domestic wife.' A significant sentence, verified by his experience and the experience of many thousands of ministers of the Gospel who never would have enjoyed that blessing without his setting the example and hursting the chains of clerical celibacy.

In this fourth centennial of his birth, all sides of his character and influence are revived and brought to the remembrance of the present generation. He figures in history as the great Reformer who set in motion the mighty struggle for religious and civil liberty throughout Europe; as the founder of the Lutheran Church, which is one of the largest Protestant denominations and second to none in every department of sacred and secular learning; as the prince of Bible translators, whose version still has the strongest hold upon German-speaking Christendom and is used Sunday by Sunday and day by day in every Lutheran church and household; as a hymnist whose 'Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott' inspired the advancing armies of the Reformation and struck the key-note to the richest hymnology of the world. Truly, greatness enough to insure the immortality of half a dozen men. And this hero was the son of a peasant—a humble monk, and then a professor of theology, with no advantages but his genius, his will, and his faith in God. There is no man in history after the incomparable St. Paul who accomplished more for his race than Martin Luther. It is true he had great faults, but they were the shadows of great virtues. He knew himself very well. 'I am rough,' he says, 'I am boisterous, stormy, and altogether warlike, born to fight innumerable devils and monsters, to remove stumps and stones, to cut down thistles and thorns, and to clear the wild woods.' And yet, while carrying on a constant warfare abroad against the Pope and the Emperor, he was a quiet, gentle husband and father at home. He was full of genial good humor and innocent playfulness in the circle of his family and friends. His domestic life must reconcile to him even those who are prejudiced against his theology and repulsed by his polemical books against Erasmus, Henry VIII., Zwingli and others.

He was rather slow in getting married and waited till he was forty-two years of age. Passion had very little to do with it. His previous life was unblemished, and his worst enemies could not prove a moral delinquency. After he broke with the Papacy, the old monastic system collapsed, many convents and nunneries were forsaken and turned into schools, and one priest after another who followed the Protestant doctrines, broke his vow of celibacy as a mistake, and took to himself a wife, following the Apostolic rule: A bishop must be the husband of one wife. Luther was urged by his friends to sanction the practice by his own example, but without effect. As late as Nov. 30, 1524, that is seven years after he had begun the Reformation, he wrote to his friend Spalatin: 'My thoughts are far from marriage, because I daily expect death and the well deserved punishment of a heretic.' But in the following year he rather suddenly changed his mind and married the ex-nun Catharina von



Bora, a lady of 26 years of age, of noble birth, but poor, who had been put into a nunnery in childhood and left it with other nuns in consequence of the Reformation. She was no beauty, but healthy, strong, intelligent, industrious, and rather proud. Luther first desired to marry her to a Lutheran clergyman by the name of Glatz, then to his friend Amsdorf; but she aspired higher and gave him to understand that she would not marry a subordinate officer, while she might possibly accept the offer of the general. So Luther suddenly made up his mind to ask her hand. He jocosely assigned three reasons for his marriage, in his own characteristic style: to please his father (who always wished him to become a lawyer), to tease the Pope, and to vex the devil. He effectually succeeded in all these designs. The marriage was concluded at his home, June 13, 1525, in the presence of Bugenhagen (who performed the ceremony), Jonas, Lucas Cranach (the painter) and his wife, and a few others. It created, of course, the greatest sensation, and gave rise to all sorts of slanders among the enemies of the Reformation. Erasmus wittily called the Reformation a comedy, because it always ends in a marriage. Even Melancthon was first scared at the sudden change and feared the consequences, but soon became satisfied.

The marriage proved a happy one. Luther loved his wife, his children, and his home, and found among them repose from his public labors. He allowed Catharine to rule in her own sphere and playfully called her 'my dear housewife, the profoundly learned lady Catharine, Lutheress, doctress, mistress of the household, my gracious mistress,' etc. In letters to his friends he often speaks of his 'Katy' as an obedient, pious and good wife, whom he prized above the kingdom of France or the state of Venice. He had five children, and was devotedly attached to them. He liked to play with them as one of them, to gather them around the Christmas tree, to tell them stories, and when absent to write them letters full of childlike simplicity and fatherly affection. Some such letters are still extant, especially one written from the castle at Coburg during the sessions of the Augsburg Diet where the famous Augsburg Confession was adopted. It is a model of a child letter and does great credit to the heart of the great reformer. He was very hospitable on a modest scale; for his salary as professor was only 200 guilders (equivalent perhaps to a modern salary of \$800); he received nothing for his preaching, nor took he any copy-money from his publishers. He loved to gather his friends around his table, and on those occasions he poured out the treasures of his wit and humor, sense and nonsense, and curious observations on all things in heaven and on earth, which are collected in his 'Table Talk,' one of the most original and entertaining books of that kind.

The domestic life of Luther has far more than a private biographical interest. It is one of the factors of modern civilization. Without Luther's reformation, clerical celibacy with all its risks and evil consequences would still be the universal law in all Western churches. There would be no married clergymen and clerical families in which the duties and virtues of conjugal, parental and filial relations could be practised. It has been proven that a larger proportion of able and useful men and women have been born and raised in households of Protestant pastors during the last three hundred years than in any other class of society. Viewed simply as a husband and father, and as one of the founders of the clerical family, Luther deserves to be esteemed and honored as one of the greatest benefactors of mankind.

PHILIP SCHAFF.

MR. ROSSITER JOHNSON has been appointed as the late Judge Tenney's successor in the editorship of Appleton's Annual Encyclopedia. He has had considerable experience in encyclopedic work, and will doubtless make an excellent editor.

## Literature

### "Fortune's Fool."

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S latest novel, 'Fortune's Fool,' seems to us a great advance upon anything that he has done before. It is a book so elaborate in aim, so minute in execution, that whether we approve it or not, whether we like it or not (and for a very large class of readers it may be just as well to state frankly in the beginning that the story is not a pleasant one), it challenges attention, deserves most careful study of the writer's purpose and accomplishment, and shows clearly that the author has genius. Whether or not this is inherited genius is a matter of no practical import. We should hesitate to encourage the idea, lest the effort to exhibit genius so desirable to inherit should degenerate into mannerism, of which there have been frequent traces in Mr. Julian Hawthorne's earlier work, and from which 'Fortune's Fool' is not entirely free. But, although in dealing with the grotesque, the uncanny, the diabolical, the impossible, the author shows a bent of mind peculiar to the elder Hawthorne and to Poe, and although his conceptions and his methods are what would have profoundly interested his father, the conceptions are too numerous and varied, the methods too definite and exact, to be solely the result of either inherited or acquired taste. In other words, Mr. Julian Hawthorne, while very evidently his father's son, has established his own originality. Both are interested profoundly in problems of life, of destiny, of character; but where the father was content with pondering and hinting at mystery, the son tries to penetrate and solve.

Of the story as a story we shall have very little to say. It is more or less interesting and thrilling, but the value of the book is as a study of life, of motive, and of circumstance. That the life is unusual, the motive exaggerated, the circumstances impossible, does not injure the value of the study as a revelation. The exaggeration is like the lurid red or the ineffable blue light thrown upon the stage, which only reveals more clearly the naturalness of the scene. We are inclined to pursue the simile, for the book is like nothing so much as a series of literary *tableaux vivants*; each set of characters, in its special scenery, appears in a chapter of its own; there is life, color, incident—everything but movement; then these disappear to give place for the nonce to another set of characters in entirely different scenery. Nothing that happens has much apparent connection with anything that precedes or follows. Thus, though the story is elaborate, it is never intricate; there is no snarl of plot, no tangle of machinery. One reads as one goes, with sincere admiration for the immediate work in hand: the elf-like children, the apostrophe to money, the analysis of Undine, the brute force of the fight between the grizzly and the buffaloes, the animal ferocity of the quarrel between the peddler and the man who became his slave, the charming scenes between the Stanhope mother and son, the dying actress, the theatre in flames, the masquerade ball, the love scene between Madeleine and Bryan, where she bids him deceive her intellect and break her heart if he will, but not dig a pitfall beneath her feet, and the awful death scene at the close. The first thing that the book suggests is an immense wealth of resource. It reads, indeed, like the first book of an author who has thrown into it all that he has ever thought, or learned, or experienced. There is material enough for twelve stories or novels, and we are very much inclined to think that all would have been better if given in sketches entirely disconnected.

One of the best tests of a book is not what it seems to contain, but the mood in which it leaves us; and it is safe

\* *Fortune's Fool*. By Julian Hawthorne. Boston: Osgood.

to say that no one will rise from reading 'Fortune's Fool' without a deeper consciousness of the dignity, the possibilities, and the loveliness, of human nature.

"His Sombre Rivals."\*

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE, even for those who do not admire the literary work of Mr. E. P. Roe, not to feel a conscientiousness in the man's motive and methods which forbids them to say anything of it more severe than that they do not enjoy it. Mr. Roe's admirers—and we understand that he has a great many—will find in 'His Sombre Rivals' all that they have been accustomed to find delightful: the very amiable people; the long-suffering hero whose veins stand out on his forehead with the agony which he cannot conceal; and the young lady whose beauty is capable of 'creating a pulse in a statue,' and whose loveliness of character is fitly symbolised by her white muslin and blue ribbons as she sits or stands framed in roses or woodbine. Added to these, they will have several accounts of actual battles in the Civil War. Those who do not enjoy Mr. Roe's novels will be apt to say of this that it could have been easily 200 pages shorter, and that the accounts of the battles, while undoubtedly accurate, are cold as an encyclopedia. Further than this it would hardly be necessary to criticise 'His Sombre Rivals,' were it not for a *finale* which we venture to pronounce monstrous and to believe illegal and impossible. The 'sombre rivals' with whom the hero has to contend in striving for the hand of the fair young widow are Death and Grief: the death of the husband whom the wife had passionately loved, and the grief at his loss that turned her hair white. It may be casually mentioned that these sombre rivals do not appear till we have had nearly four hundred pages of the white muslin and blue ribbons. The young widow's sorrow slowly undermines her health, and her mind gives way completely. She is not a violent maniac, but a helpless child, unconscious of responsibility, never recognizing in their true relation her surroundings or her most intimate friends: an invalid whose will would certainly not have been accepted in any court of justice. At this point the physicians assure the hero that the aunt who is taking care of her will soon be worn out, and that after that there can be nothing but an asylum for the poor creature, unless he should kindly marry her and take her to Europe, in which case her mind might possibly be restored. The hero reflects that the situation might be unpleasant if she should recover her mind and object to being his wife; but accepting this risk as his last and greatest opportunity for self-sacrifice, he does marry her, take her to Europe, and cure her; while she is hardly more than surprised to find herself again a wife on regaining consciousness and is soon more than reconciled to the position. We venture to assert that the physician does not exist who would have suggested such a course, that the man never lived who would actually marry a woman in that state, and that the clergyman never breathed who would consent to perform such a ceremony. Furthermore, we do not believe such a marriage would be legal. If there are places where the consent of the parties is considered enough to make marriage—*consensus facit matrimonium*—is there any place where the conscious consent can be dispensed with? At any rate, whether the marriage is legal or not, the idea is monstrous and incredible. We do not doubt Mr. Roe's conscientious belief that he has depicted a noble cause of self-sacrifice, but we advise him never to do anything of the kind again.

From the mass of material, at first commonplace and afterward repulsive, we are glad to rescue one fine and pregnant sentence: 'On the 4th of March, 1861, was inaugurated as President the best friend the South ever had.'

\* His Sombre Rivals. By E. P. Roe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Minor Notices.

DR. WILLIAM REIN'S Life of Martin Luther, which has been put into good, bright English by Rev. G. F. Behringer, of Brooklyn (Funk & Wagnalls' Standard Library), is an excellent book to give young people their first impressions of the great man about whom they, like the rest of us, are made to think, this week. It is also a good book to refresh the memory of busy adults. It is not too long; it draws pictures, with little moralizing; it is straightforward and crisp in style; it shows acquaintance with modern researches into Luther's history. There is so little of philosophizing in it that the appendix of twenty quotations, in which authors of various ages and peoples are made to utter their eulogiums of Luther, seems out of keeping with the book, and adds little to its value. Other volumes make analytical studies of the man and his times, and this is well; for, obvious as we often suppose their lessons are, modern Protestantism has misunderstood some of these, and forgotten others. But the book before us chooses to let Luther make his own direct impression on the reader, and accomplishes this, without pretension, without exhaustiveness, but with an evident heartiness of purpose and a good deal of skill. Dr. Rein lives in Eisenach, which may account, in part, for his enthusiasm; for the skill he is entitled to a large measure of credit.

MR. HOWARD PYLE has never been in a better business than in preparing for American boys and girls 'The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood.' These famous yarns are as much a boy's classic as 'Robinson Crusoe' or 'The Arabian Nights.' They are here re-told in modern antique English, quaint without objectionable affectation. In all particulars the book is creditable to author and publisher. It shows painstaking, and painstaking to good purpose. Mr. Pyle's drawings are in some respects the best he has ever made, and they have surprised even those who have long appreciated his cleverness as a draughtsman. There are many full-page illustrations in the style of the early German wood-engravers, some of which are particularly distinguished by spirited draughtsmanship. In the decorative work Mr. Pyle has been particularly happy, reminding us pleasantly of Walter Crane. Grown folks will admire the literary and artistic ability displayed in this handsome volume, while young folks will welcome it for the sake of the story told in text and illustrations.

WATTEAU has been ranked with the lesser masters of painting until of late. It is not long since his fame took an upward course. Still, to-day, no one will question the propriety of giving him a place among the great masters. This sudden accession of glory is due, we believe, to a returning taste for the gayeties and frivolities which he painted, as much as to a newly awakened perception of his merits as an artist. Whatever be the reason, it is only just that Watteau's work should be held in high esteem; and as there are few biographies of artists which are more pleasant reading than his, it is well that we should have it put before us in English. The present work (Scribner & Welford) is a very intelligent compilation, from various sources, of the facts of Watteau's life and of criticisms on his pictures and decorations. It is illustrated.

THE ADMIRABLE 'Recollections of a Drummer Boy,' by Harry M. Kieffer (Boston: Osgood), are already familiar to the old and young readers of *St. Nicholas*, who will, however, be glad to have the story by itself in book-form. We cannot be too grateful for anything that perpetuates, without bitterness, the story of the War; that our young people may not forget their inheritance of nobility, responsibility and honor, and that they may realize that it is in their power to make part of the history that their own great-grandchildren will learn. It is interesting to know that some of the fine illustrations are the work of one who served in the Confederate army. The book is full of pleasant anecdotes, and is at the same time a vivid and reliable picture of army life.

MR. F. E. HULME's second series of drawings of many common flowers, both wild and such as abound in gardens, will be found to serve admirably for drawing-copies for children and beginners. For their convenience a few blank sheets of water-color are inserted between the plates. The flowers pictured are very well chosen for the purpose, being such as the scabious, the blue-bottle, the tulip, the crown imperial, toad-flax, the thistle and



the cranesbill. The instructions given for coloring the copies are clear and easy to follow, and some remarks of the author on the habits of growth of the different flowers are interesting. ('Flower Painting in Water-Colors.' New York: Cassell & Company.)

THE COLLABORATION of Messrs. Besant and Rice was getting to be as well known as the collaboration of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, when Mr. James Rice fell ill and died, leaving Mr. Walter Besant to carry on the business alone. Oddly enough, the disappearance of Mr. Rice has made no change whatever in the character or in the quality of the stories. 'Ready-Money Mortiboy' and 'The Golden Butterfly' were the best stories written by the firm, and, although a little stronger, perhaps, they were scarcely better than 'The Chaplain of the Fleet' and 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men.' This is evidence in favor of the rumor which obtains in England to the effect that Mr. Rice was the business partner of the concern and the explorer of new countries and discoverer of new material, whereas Mr. Besant was the actual writer. 'All in a Garden Fair' (Harper's Franklin Square Library) is like its predecessors. It is a simple tale, easy to read and leaving a pleasant taste in the mouth. The plot is slight but sufficient. The comic characters are suffused with real humor and projected not unfrequently with a genuine sense of comedy. The heroes and heroines are frank and honest young people, full of hope and capable of happiness. There are two manly and clever young men, and they marry two lively and lovely young women, and all is as it should be in latter-day fairy-tales. And the total effect is wholesome; the ultimate as well as the immediate moral is admirable; the influence of the story is wholly good. Yet there is no preaching in it, no didacticism at all, only a good-humored view of life as it is and as it ought to be.

### The Lounger

MR. GEORGE J. COOMBES, so pleasantly known to book-buyers at Scribner & Welford's, has just set up a place of his own in East Seventeenth Street, near Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s New York house. I was in there the other day, and Mr. Coombes showed me one of the prettiest little books I ever saw. It is Frederick Locker's 'London Lyrics' printed for the Book-Fellows Club, an informal organization, as I understand it, of book amateurs of this city. This is the Club's first publication, and by it they have proved their right to be called lovers of books. Mr. DeVinne has done the printing of this dainty volume, which is limited to an edition of one hundred and four copies, printed from type. Four copies are printed on vellum (one of these was sent to Mr. Locker), six on plate-paper, and ninety-four on Holland paper. But the beautiful printing and fine paper are not the only attractions. There is an etched portrait of Mr. Locker which shows him to be very much like his father-in-law, Mr. Tennyson. The other illustrations are from drawings made especially for this book by Kandolph Caldecott, Kate Greenaway, and G. B. Bowlend. After the edition had been printed, the type was distributed and the wood blocks broken. Mr. Locker, whose permission was asked before the book was made, was so pleased with the idea that he sent the Caldecott and Greenaway drawings, and the following original lines to serve as an introduction:

'Oh! for the Poet Voice that swells  
To lofty Truths, or noble curses—  
I only wear the cap and bells,  
And yet some tears are in my verses.  
Softly I trill my sparrow reed,  
Pleased if but one should like the twitter  
Humbly I lay it down to heed  
A music or a minstrel fitter.'

MRS. LUCY M. MITCHELL, who has just written an exhaustive history of sculpture for Dodd, Mead & Co., is the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Wright, who was for many years a missionary in Persia. There Mrs. Mitchell was born, and there she lived as a child. She seems to have had an aptitude for languages, for she learned to speak those of the Orientals by whom she was surrounded, as well as a number of European tongues. The education so well begun in Persia was completed in this country. While here Miss Wright married Mr. S. S. Mitchell, with whom she went to Germany, living there for a number of years, and

studying art with Prof. Overbeck and other teachers at Tübingen. From Germany she went to Italy, where with our accomplished Minister, the late Mr. George P. Marsh, to encourage her, she pursued her art studies with renewed interest. While in Rome she gave lectures for two winters on art topics to audiences composed chiefly of English and American ladies. It was at the suggestion of Mr. Marsh, I am told, that Mrs. Mitchell began the preparation of her history of sculpture, upon which she has been engaged for seven or eight years. During these years she has lived in England, Germany and Italy, where she has had the benefit not only of access to the great museums and libraries but of acquaintance with the principal professors of art and archaeology.

I HEAR that Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel, the completed one, is still nameless. One who has seen the manuscript tells me that it is 'a queer book,' but without any of the fantastic element in it. Mr. Crawford's fifth novel, now begun, is one he has long thought of writing, and to which he proposes to give an unusual amount of care. He has been preparing the materials and composing the matter for it in his mind since last March. If he finishes it in the spring he will have been engaged upon it for a year. The fourth and nameless novel, written at Sorrento and about Sorrento during June and July, was an episode, and a digression wholly unexpected by the author.

*The Academy*, reviewing Mrs. Burnett's 'Esmeralda,' evidently mistakes the little sketch from which the play is taken for a three-volume novel, requiring 'a long afternoon' for reading. As a matter of fact, it is one of the shortest stories Mrs. Burnett ever wrote.

THE NEW EDITION of the 'Essays of Elia,' to be published by Messrs. Putnam, is the handsomest edition of that delightful book I have ever seen. Mr. Alexander Strahan has ordered 1000 copies with his imprint on the title-page for the English market. Some years ago the late Mr. G. P. Putnam sold an edition of Irving's 'Sketch Book' to a London publisher, and one day, in the office of another London publisher, the book was shown him as a fine specimen of English book-making. 'Why can't you do work like that in America?' said the Englishman, pointing to the imprint of the London house.

MR. TIMOTHY COLE, the most widely known of American wood-engravers, was a passenger by the Canada which recently sailed for Havre. He goes abroad in the interest of The Century Co., to engrave for publication in *The Century* the masterpieces of Europe. He expects to work in the galleries of Holland, Belgium, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and perhaps Russia (St. Petersburg), and will remain abroad about three years. This is an entirely new departure on the part of the magazine, for although it has become by no means uncommon in the search for new and interesting material to send American artists and writers abroad, and even to fit out expeditions to distant places, Mr. Cole is the first engraver who has been sent across the Atlantic for the express purpose of engraving the masterpieces of art. I am not alone in the belief that the result will be a series of wood-engravings surpassing anything of the kind in existence.

MR. KRUELL was fortunate, when making his admirable wood-cut reproductions of the Stuart portraits of George and Martha Washington, published in *Harper's* for October, in having assigned him by the authorities of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts a room in their building where he might have the originals constantly before him. It is seldom that an American engraver is so advantageously situated, a photograph from the painting to be copied being usually his only resource, although occasionally this may be supplemented by a hurried glance at the original on the walls of its owner. When we consider how inadequately even the best photograph represents a painting—being always false in color-values, oftentimes distorting the drawing, giving undue prominence to technique and so translating brush-marks into light and shadow—it is a matter for wonder, not that he should fail in rendering all the quality of the original, but that so much good work should have been done with such inadequate means, and that we should have had such good reproductions as 'Fortun's' 'Piping Shepherd' (Cole),

Ulysse Butin's 'Sailor's Wife' (Closson), Vedder's 'Cumean Sybil' (Davis), 'At the Piano' (Powell), and the illustrations to the article on Fortuny and Regnault (Cole and Closson), all in *Scribner's Monthly* and *The Century*. But, excellent as these are, there can be little question that, had the engravers had access to the originals, the result would have been more satisfactory. Of this Thayer's 'Autumn Afternoon' (Cole) in *Scribner's* for July, 1880, Fuller's 'Winifred Dysart' (Closson) in *The American Art Review*, and the Winslow Homer cuts in the last number of *The Century*, are an evidence, the originals having been at the disposal of the engravers.

SOME MONTHS AGO, in a spirit of friendly rivalry, a dozen or more of the leading engravers organized informally as a club, the object being to make a certain number of large engravings. Each member was to be permitted to make his own choice of subject, that his work might be done *con amore*. One is to reproduce a Franz Hals, another a Velasquez, etc.

SOME FINE EXAMPLES of 'fine writing' were laid upon my breakfast-table, with other and more interesting correspondence, during the few days immediately preceding the election. Some came in the guise of printed circulars, thickly sown with capital letters and italics; others, more insidious, bore the semblance of personal letters, but proved on close inspection to be lithographed. Some of the former class were addressed 'To the Voters of New York.' One of these was particularly admirable in its rhetoric. It began thus:

'The die is cast. The people in Mass Meeting assembled, have, with singular enthusiasm, resolved to frustrate the skilfully laid schemes of the wily leaders of Halls and Machines and repudiate the bargains concluded in secret conclave.'

Then, after two or three paragraphs of equally glittering generalities, came an assertion that 'the Bosses have reckoned without their host'—which I should take to be quite as hazardous an experiment for a 'boss' as for a guest. But the choicest paragraph is the following:

'The leader chosen in this contest is a man well known to the people—JAMES O'BRIEN. He had the courage to step forth and furnish the means that hurled the power of William M. Tweed into the dust. He has proven faithful, honest and efficient, in every position with which the people have honored him, and is determined to stand in the breach, with flag unfurled, until the mischievous power of partisan-rule shall be annihilated, and the restitution to the people of the rights, of which unscrupulous party leaders deprive them of, is effected.'

Mr. O'Brien was a candidate for the office of Register. He was not elected, however, but will continue to stand in the breach, with flag unfurled, till next election day.

ANOTHER CIRCULAR, less picturesque but fully as persuasive, was issued in behalf of a candidate for Alderman in the Third Assembly District. It was calculated to do the gentleman in question a deal of service, whether he got re-elected or not. Indeed, a political opponent might have accused Mr. O'Neill of getting up the circular as an advertisement of his secular business, in the manner of the agents of several varieties of soap recently obtruded upon the attention of the great American unwashed. For the appeal to the voters in his district was emphatic in its assurance that Mr. O'Neill was not merely a dignified and industrious member of the Board to which he sought re-election—a worthy citizen and a friend and patron of our Public Schools—but, over and above all, 'a manufacturer of fine shoes.' This guarantee of the candidate's divine right to sit in the Board of Aldermen is signed by such excellent judges of sole-leather as Samuel J. Tilden, Orlando B. Potter, Abram S. Hewitt, Oswald Ottendorfer and Townsend Cox. Mr. O'Neill was re-elected, but even if he had been defeated, he must have felt that it was better to have run and lost—with such a circular to back him—than never to have run at all.

### Notes

PROF. FISHER of Yale writes of 'The Greatness of Luther,' in *The Independent* of November 8. An essay on Matthew Arnold, by Prof. W. C. Wilkinson, is printed in the same number.

The life and character of Luther were the theme of several sermons in this city last Sunday evening. The Rev. Drs.

Robert Collyer and William Stephenson dwelt upon the Reformer's conversion in early manhood. 'Martin Luther' was the title of the Rev. G. W. Gallagher's address in the Fourth Unitarian Church; and the Rev. Mr. Chadwick lectured in Brooklyn on 'Luther and his Times.'

Mr. George W. Cable has begun work on a new field in Louisiana—the Acadians, whose civilization is quite distinct from that of the Creoles—and will write a series of stories of Acadian life.

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford has written a biographical sketch of J. G. Whittier to be published in the January *Harper's*, with a frontispiece portrait of the poet and numerous illustrations.

Dr. Schliemann's new book, 'Troja,' giving an account of his excavations and discoveries to date, will be published by Messrs. Harper & Bros. about the end of the year.

The Century Co. has ordered for the American market, since its publication in this country last March, 2000 copies of the Imperial Dictionary, and the sale increases every month. It seems likely that the circulation of the work in this country may reach even 5000 copies before *The Century Dictionary*, edited by Prof. Whitney and based on *The Imperial*, can be issued. It is estimated that at least four years will be needed for the preparation of that work, which, besides being American, will be much larger and fuller than *The Imperial*.

The publication of the second volume of Mr. McMaster's 'History of the People of the United States' will be delayed until the spring, on account of an unfortunate occurrence. Last summer, while the author was engaged on the revision of the work, a large portion of the manuscript was stolen from him, and has not yet been recovered. The necessity of rewriting this part of the volume has caused an unavoidable delay.

Cardinal Manning has written for *Merry England* a paper on 'Courage,' which will be accompanied by a drawing by Mrs. Thompson Butler, representing soldiers under fire.

The November number of *The Bibliographer* will contain a bibliography of the late John Payne Collier, who began writing at eighteen and did not stop until his death at ninety.

'Fifty Perfect Poems,' edited by Charles A. Dana and Rossiter Johnson, and illustrated by American artists, appeared so late for the holidays last year that it scarcely became generally known. A new edition is published this year, with some changes in the illustrations. A frontispiece has been added, drawn by Alfred Fredericks, depicting Calliope, and substitutes have been engraved for two illustrations of the first edition which were not considered quite satisfactory. The book appears in a new style of binding.

The little manual 'Don't' has reached a sale of 20,000. It has been fully revised, and a new chapter added, devoted particularly to women.

The Life of the late Lord Lytton, by his son, will be published in six volumes in England and in three by the Messrs. Harper.

The publishers of *The Century* declare that the November number of that magazine has been more praised than any previous issue, and that the receipts from subscriptions have been very largely in excess of those for the corresponding month of any previous year.

The *Tribune* has purchased for publication in its Sunday issue a new sea-story by W. Clark Russell, the first chapters of which were printed last Sunday. It is entitled, 'Jack's Courtship: A Sailor's Yarn of Love and Shipwreck.' It is devoted to the adventures of a young sailor and a refined lady.

Henry Holt & Co. are about to start a new series—the American Novel Series—the first book in which is entitled 'A Latter-Day Saint.'

J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce for immediate publication Mary Agnes Tincker's new novel, 'The Jewel in the Lotos,' with five full-page illustrations by Hovenden.

'H. H.'s concluding paper on Southern California will appear in the December *Century*. It is a description of the founding of Los Angeles, the 'City of the Angels.'

Bishop Pierce, of Arkansas, will publish through Mr. Whitaker, during the holidays, a volume of poems, called, from the principal piece in it, 'The Agnostic.' There will be many sonnets in the book of similar character, as well as some poems of a lighter cast.



*The Independent* during the coming year will make its literary department and literary features of unusual interest and variety. Special articles, stories, poems, etc., by eminent English and American writers, have been secured. Among those from whom contributions have been already obtained may be named W. D. Howells, W. E. Norris, F. Marion Crawford, Robert Grant, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, 'J. S. of Dale,' Joaquin Miller and 'H. H.' Negotiations with other distinguished writers are still pending.

Mr. A. M. Broadley, who was senior counsel for Arabi Bey, has written a book which will soon be published under the title of 'How We Defended Arabi: A Story of Egypt and the Egyptians.'

Among forthcoming English books are Lord Lorne's 'Memories of Canada and Scotland: Speeches and Verses,' and two novels by George Meredith, entitled 'Saxon Versus Celt' and 'An Amazing Marriage.'

Sherman Day has been studying the Compendium of the Census of 1880 and the Indian Bureau Report of 1881-'2, and has found that there are in the United States (including the Territories) 336,098 Indians, of whom some 31,000 are inhabitants of Alaska. The researches which led to the discovery of these facts are made the basis of an article in *The Overland Monthly* for November.

Mme. Patti arrived in this city on Tuesday.

Père Hyacinthe will lecture in Chickering Hall next Wednesday, on 'Gambetta, and the Political Outlook in France.'

'Rebecca and Rowena, or The Triumph of Israel,' a tragic burlesque, and 'Marion Fay,' a burlesque comedy, the latter by J. C. Montague have been added to Roobach & Co.'s Acting Drama Series.

*De Portefeuille* of October 20 contains a long review of Laurence Oliphant's 'Altiora Peto,' which it calls 'Altivra Peto,' and attributes to Lawrence Oliphant. Such misprints, common enough in other foreign papers, are extremely rare in our valued Dutch contemporary, which pays intelligent attention to the periodical literature of England and America.

D. Appleton & Co. will shortly publish a book for young people, dealing with the chief factors in America's progress—its discoverers, its settlers, its early wars, its independence, its abolition of slavery, its modern developments. The volume, which forms one of a series, is to be entitled 'Stories of American History.' It is written by Miss Charlotte Yonge, who has been assisted in the work by the Rev. Dr. H. Hastings Weld, of Philadelphia.

'Voice, Song and Speech,' a practical guide for singers and speakers, by J. Lennox Browne and Emila Behnke, is announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons. This firm also announce a second edition of the recently published 'Prose Masterpieces' and a second edition of 'Hand and Ring.'

Frederic Archer, the organist, announces a new musical weekly, *The Keynote*, to be started about the 15th inst.

*The Art Interchange* of October 11 asked the following questions concerning the anonymous novel, 'The Breadwinners': 'A.—From internal evidence, is the author a man or a woman? B.—Should Mr. Arthur Farnham have expected that Miss Alice Belding would refuse him because of the scene in the greenhouse, and is he to blame for having kissed Maud Matchin?' Replies were printed in the issue of October 25, and have since been reprinted in pamphlet-form. That which struck the editor most favorably was signed S., and dated New York City. It attributes the authorship of the novel to a man; and disposes of the question whether or no Farnham is to blame for having kissed Miss Alice Belding, by observing that 'it all depends upon the point of view.'

W. S. Appleton writes to the *American Journal of Numismatics*, to discredit an article in *The Magazine of American History* for September, in which Mr. H. W. Richardson argues, concerning a copper dug up at Waterville, Me., that it was probably a pattern for a coinage of the first Lord Baltimore, for his Province of Avalonia or Newfoundland.

Mr. Bouton sends us Nos. 27 to 39 of the *Courrier de l'Art*, a weekly review of the studios, museums, exhibitions, public sales, etc., of Paris. The *Courrier* is a brightly written, neatly printed, twelve-page sheet, containing serial articles, notes, anecdotes, communications, occasional reviews of the stage, the

Bourse, and the law-courts, and—from time to time—an advertisement. To the great unwashed, the price of the *Courrier* is 40 centimes; to subscribers to *L'Art*, nothing.

The frontispiece of the November *Magazine of American History* is an engraving from John Trumbull's 'Evacuation of New York,' never before reproduced. The leading article, by Judge-Advocate Gardner, is entitled 'The Last Cantonment of the main Continental Army of the Revolution.' It is accompanied by fourteen illustrations, of which the 'Official Map of the Cantonment,' now first given to the public, and the portrait of Major John Armstrong, engraved from a painting by Jarvis, in possession of John Jacob Astor, are among the most notable. The second article is a valuable epitome of events in Europe, concerning 'The Treaty for which the Army Waited,' by Theodore F. Dwight, Librarian of the State Department, Washington, with fac-simile of the signatures from the original Treaty.

M. EDMOND ABOUT made a witty and pithy speech at the unveiling of the statue to Dumas père the other day, and the *Herald* printed it in English on its cable-page. The time of Dumas, he said, was the golden age of the novel.

'It was the golden age of the novel, the reign of Dumas the First, who was a good king, for he exercised his power only against publishers and editors, to the great benefit of his *confidés*. Perhaps even he went too far for want of acquaintance with figures. They handed him over to usurers and bailiffs. But Dumas was not the man to be disturbed by trifles. He worked for his creditors as he had worked for his friends, mistresses and parasites. Good nature composed three-quarters of his boisterous, effervescent genius. Beneath the good writer who will soon rank as a classic author you will find the good man and the good Frenchman. He loved his country above everything—loved it in the present and in the past. Without sacrificing aught to party spirit, nobody ever spoke of Louis XIV. with greater respect, of Marie Antoinette with greater pity, of Bonaparte with greater admiration, than this pronounced republican. He was the popularizer of our history. . . . His literary glory is a patriotic glory, and we see his statue, the first obtained in France by a simple novelist, muster round it the elite of all parties.'

THOUGH it is with keen regret that we receive the last number of *The Chrysanthemum*, the June number being published in September, yet its suspension is what we feared and expected in January. So long as the magazine was a modest duodecimo pamphlet devoted to notes and queries relating to Japan and the Far East, with two or three good 'body' articles in each monthly number, its life and prosperity were assured. Scores of busy scholars in varied lines of research and occupation are ever ready to contribute notes, observations, questions of interest, reviews and brief data of all sorts. A penful of ink and a sheet or two of note-paper are not formidable enough to discourage effort; but formal essays, magazine articles, and high-class contributions of length and weight cannot be depended upon, unless the supply of leisure and surplus energy on the one hand and capital and editorial skill on the other are equal. To expect either of these conditions at present in Japan, or rather in the small foreign community in the Mikado's Empire, is idle. We heartily regret this latest illustration of the would-be house-builder who had not the wherewithal to finish. Looking at our two bound volumes (of unequal thickness) of *The Chrysanthemum*, we feel injured as we deliver to our binder a half-volume of a shape differing in two dimensions from the others. Let us add, however, that this final number is one of the best. Captain Brinckley's 'History of Japanese Ceramics' is continued, and we sincerely hope that his admirable researches will be given us in book-form. A really valuable paper on 'Missionary Work and its Effect upon the Workers,' by Wallace Taylor, is scientific, clear, forcible. By a convincing array of figures and as the fruits of patient study, he refutes utterly the idea that missionaries lose their health by overwork and too severe study, and shows that lack of commonsense, common rules of hygiene, and patience, make weak brethren and sisters. The hardest students and field-workers among the missionaries, who understand well the body and its laws, least often 'break down.' Another piece of Japanese music is set to our notation, and though no initials are given, we think the work is by one formerly well known in New York literary circles, Mr. Edward H. House. A volume of Japanese music, written in our score, would be a unique addition to the curiosities of music, and, as in the case of certain Hindoo themes, become standard tunes.

## Science

## "The Iroquois Book of Rites."\*

DR. BRINTON'S Library of Aboriginal American Literature has reached its second issue in a volume written by Horatio Hale, entitled 'The Iroquois Book of Rites.' The purpose of this series is unique and noteworthy. It intends to publish and comment upon, not works on American natives, which we possess in superabundance, but literary products composed or suggested by the American Indians, and having reference to their own history, beliefs and institutions. Hence the series proposes to print and introduce to the literary public such of the more prominent specimens of the native literature of the American Indian as are appropriate for illustrating the unaltered, heathen Indian mind, as we perceive it in his myths, songs and oratory.

The first piece selected by Mr. Hale, the 'Ancient Rites of the Condoling Council' ('*Okayondonghsera Yondennase*'), worded in the Canienga or Mohawk language, takes up, with the translation standing opposite, 24 pages, and was written down in the XVIIIth Century by David, a Mohawk chief and friend of Joseph Brant. This early manuscript was in 1832 copied by Chief John Smoke Johnson, of Brantford Reserve, Ontario, and from this copy, the earlier one having been destroyed, Mr. Hale has reproduced this very valuable document. This Johnson is the only person now living who is able to explain all the archaisms and idioms of the book, and therefore the editor had to rely on him as a teacher. The contents of the text are the ceremonial allocutions attending the death of every councillor and the subsequent election of his successor. The orthography of the text is not the Pickering alphabet, which Mr. Hale is in the habit of using in his publications, but represents the literal reproduction of the copy made by Chief Johnson. Many other Indians had to be consulted to relieve the text of its numerous obscurities, and all the words written upon the Canienga dialect (Bruyas's, Cuog's, etc.) had to be turned over and over, before a satisfactory insight into the document was obtained. The numerous sounds of the dialect do not seem to be rendered with all the accuracy possible in the imperfect wording of the copy published by Mr. Hale, and a transliteration would have been desirable. The second text is worded in the Onondaga dialect, and forms an important complement to the Canienga piece, though it is much shorter (six pages, including translation). It contains the exhortations which are addressed by the younger nations to the elder, when a chief of the latter is mourned. Its origin undoubtedly antedates the disruption of the Iroquois Confederacy, but the subject-matter of the Canienga book is much older, and Mr. Hale does not hesitate to declare in the preface of the volume, that, as a record, it must 'carry back the authentic history of North America to a date anterior by fifty years to the arrival of Columbus.' Further research, we think, will show in what measure an assertion like this will be verified; it is well known that lengthy texts have been retained without changes or variations in the memories of unlettered nations for many centuries, like the laws of Lycurgus, the poems of Homer, and the hymns of the Veda.

Mr. Hale's solid learning has supplied the reader with all the needed historic details on the formation and progress of the Iroquois League, on its founders, on the mother-right prevailing in it, on the topography of its villages, etc. The most difficult portions of the volume were of course the glossaries added to the two texts, and they are certainly the part which the public will least appreciate. Mr. Hale is the author of the linguistic part of the researches of the Wilkes Exploring Expedition (1838-'42), contained in the sixth

\* The Iroquois Book of Rites. Edited by Horatio Hale. (Library of Aboriginal American Literature.) Philadelphia: D. G. Brinton.

volume of the quarto edition ('Ethnography and Philology of the U. S. E. Expedition': Philadelphia: 1846); and also of two recent articles, 'Indian Migrations' and 'The Tutelo Tribe and Language,' both remarkable for the important results and suggestions contained in them. The former was published this year in Peet's *American Antiquarian*, and the other in the Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society, of Philadelphia. The present work is more important than either of these two. It has a literary as well as a scientific value, and cannot fail to commend itself to all who are interested in the history and fate of the native races of America.

## The Drama

MR. IRVING appeared at the Star Theatre on Monday night in Mr. Boucicault's version of 'Louis XI.,' and on Tuesday night, with Miss Terry, in 'The Merchant of Venice.' It was his first appearance in this country in these two parts. In the former he renewed the highly favorable impression made a week earlier by his performance of Mathias in 'The Bells.' The play itself is sombre in tone and stilted in dialogue. It takes its title from one of the unpleasant characters to be met with in history or romance. An actor of more than average ability might well wish to be excused from playing the part of Louis XI. Only a superlative degree of talent can, without seeking to engage our sympathy for the man, yet show so much of human nature in his soul as to remove him from the category of fictitious monsters and justify his presentation on the stage. Mr. Irving does more than make the part tolerable: in his hands it becomes positively fascinating.

It must have taken a long season of patient study to master the character of Louis XI. as thoroughly as he has mastered it. It is a curious character, made up of apparently contradictory, if not absolutely irreconcilable, traits. The aged, invalid King is a man of seemingly indomitable will, yet capable of being swayed by inferior minds. Haughty and domineering when his power is absolute, he is quick to cringe when taken at a disadvantage. Crafty, proud, revengeful, bigoted, he is keenly conscious of the humorous aspect of his own villainies. This is not one of the characters depicted in Ben Jonson's well-nigh forgotten comedies, where each man has but a single 'humor' to express. On the contrary, Louis XI. is a man of many moods, each of which, to be adequately interpreted, must be minutely studied. In the study and delineation of such eccentric personalities lies Mr. Irving's strength. He omits no detail that may heighten the effect of his performance. He goes as far toward realizing the character as it is possible for the uninspired intellect to take him. He is not, we may freely admit, a man of genius; but men of genius are rare on the stage—as rare as they are in the pulpit or on the bench, in the senate or in the editorial chair—as rare as were virtuous men in the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. Mr. Irving is not a man of genius, but he is a man of rare and remarkable gifts and wide experience, an actor who has little or nothing to learn of the business of the stage.

There are some things, however, which he might profitably unlearn, and his possession of these was more clearly demonstrated in 'The Merchant of Venice' than in the play of the previous evening. His voice on the stage is hollow, harsh, and broken—unpleasant and grotesquely artificial. His limping, shuffling gait is changed, occasionally, not to a natural walk, but simply to a more conventional stage-stride. His jaws and eyebrows rise and fall as if controlled by a single set of muscles. His Shylock is an interesting creation—Mr. Irving could hardly be uninteresting in any part; but it suffers by comparison with his Mathias, his Charles I., and his Louis XI. And it suffers, also, by com-



parison with other Shylocks; for in this character the test of comparison can be applied to Mr. Irving's performance more readily than in the case of either of the parts described above. His make-up is, of course, admirable. He looks every inch the Jew that Shakspeare drew. It is only when he walks and talks that one sees that he is not at his best in this difficult character.

Miss Terry's Portia, on the other hand, is a charming impersonation, delicate, refined, vivacious—altogether natural and pleasing. It pleased immensely last Tuesday's audience, and could not have failed to do so. Miss Ellen Terry, like her distinguished companion, can lay no claim to the possession of anything higher than intelligence and cultivation. Her action, like his, is marked by mannerisms. The frequent resting of her fingers upon her lips, the spasmodic shaking of her outstretched hands—these and kindred blemishes might profitably be removed. Their absence would heighten the effect of her otherwise artistic acting. But with all her defects—and few actresses have fewer—she is invariably charming and natural.

Whatever may be said in criticism of Mr. Irving's shortcomings, the fact remains that he is a great actor as actors go. No one who cares greatly for the stage can afford to miss seeing him in any part he chooses to essay.

### Music

RECENT PERFORMANCES of Italian opera have added very little to our knowledge of the capacity of the rival forces at the Metropolitan Opera House and the Academy of Music. There has been no novelty in the repertoires, and the only new singers heard who were worth hearing were of the generally ignored class of contralti. Mr. Abbey's performances consisted of 'Mignon' on Wednesday, Oct. 31, a repetition of 'Lucia' on Friday, 'Mignon' again on Saturday afternoon and 'Traviata' on Monday. Mr. Mapleson gave 'Trovatore' on Wednesday, 'Faust' on Friday, a repetition of 'Norma' on Saturday afternoon, and 'Linda di Chamouni' on Monday. Mr. Abbey threw the burden of work on Mmes. Nilsson and Sembrich, while Mr. Mapleson played some of the new cards with which he confidently announced his ability to win the game when first he came back from Europe. There was no especially warm exhibition of interest on the part of the public except in the re-appearance of Mme. Nilsson as Mignon. Mr. Mapleson continued the exercise of well-known and well-worn arts to fill his house. Mr. Abbey, on the other hand, finding that he was likely to have a tier of empty boxes the season round, ran a single row of stalls in front of eleven boxes on each side of the house in the so-called second tier, sacrificed two boxes to make entrances, and, taking advantage of the change, re-modelled his entire scale of prices to the great gain of the public. The effect of this move was already visible on Monday, when the upper parts of the house were better filled than they had been at any time before. It is only reasonable to suppose that the hoped-for effect will be felt at the box-office, and if it is, it will follow as a natural consequence that there will be a proportionate increase in the warmth of the demonstration with which the performances will be received. It is an old observation that the capacity for enthusiastic appreciation is in inverse ratio to the price paid for the pleasure.

Touching the performances seriatim, there is little need of long discussion. With hardly an exception the operas have depended for their interest upon the principal singer. This is a woful state of affairs, but one that is bound to last so long as opera remains under the domination of the 'star' system. Mme. Nilsson was the recipient of a hearty welcome, when, after the lapse of more than a decade, she

again presented herself as Mignon. Some of the sincerest tributes which were paid to her gifts and graces as a singer were compelled when first she came to this country by the excellence of her impersonation of this character. They were not all discriminating, but they were the expression enforced by the moving quality of her voice, and the rich dramatic endowment with which she was blessed by nature. As much twaddle was written then about her 'realization of Goethe's ideal' as has since been written here and in England about the correctness of her conception of Goethe's Gretchen in Gounod's opera. The fact in the cases is that even a chance acquaintance with the originals of the two poetical characters suffices to show that to aim to attain the poet's ideal in either case is to go far beyond the horizon set by the book-makers of 'Mignon' and 'Faust.' Margherita is no more Gretchen than the operatic Mefistofele, with his flaming scarlet, extravagant manner, and spectacular poses, is the cynical, philosophizing Mephistopheles of the great poem. As for Mignon, she is the very perfection of a part for the lyrical drama, but not a single one of the traits that make Mignon to be Mignon are present in the stage version. There is only a moment in all the time that the French musician is reeling off his piquant rhythms and titillating roulades that his heroine receives a reflection of the aureole that always shines about Goethe's maiden. That is in the tender melodrama of the first act. To say that Mme. Nilsson presents the Mignon of Goethe is to talk at random. It is much wiser to inquire how nearly she fulfils the aim of the unconscionable composer. The lightness and grace of her early representations is gone, and with them much of the fancifulness with which the audience's imagination helped to invest the character. There is still much magic in her voice, or within the portions of it that she controls without effort; and at proper moments the dramatic blood pulsates eagerly in her veins. But the ineffable charm of youth is gone. A mature Mignon is a monstrosity; if she is not a child, she is not Mignon. Take away the association with Goethe's book, and Mme. Nilsson's impersonation would speak for warm appreciation, for her music is lovely music; but with an ideal in mind, Mme. Nilsson only suggests incongruity and melancholy shortcoming.

The other first performance of Mr. Abbey's week suggests similar comments; but there can be no grief over a despoiling of the lady of the camellias. An impersonation of Violetta in 'Traviata' invites a different order of criticism, and sets a more distinct histrionic goal than most other characters in Italian opera. Through the genius of Verdi, the character is one of the trying ones on the operatic stage, and in the hands of a worthy representative commands extravagant admiration. Of Mme. Sembrich's performance in the part it can be said that in its vocal brilliancy it reaches far toward Adelina Patti's, and surpasses it in sympathy. This is not to say that Mme. Sembrich's endowments are at all equal to Patti's. Patti stands alone as the unapproachable exponent of beautiful singing. But her younger sister in art has some of her technical acquirements, and the freshness of youth which has passed away from the queen. Except on Monday evening, Mr. Mapleson's performances were uninteresting in the extreme, 'Faust' becoming almost farcical through the dilettanteism of Mlle. Pattini and Signor Perugini and the travesty of Mephistopheles by Signor Cherubini. The redeeming feature of the night was the Siebel of Josephine Yorke, an American woman, richly gifted vocally, who gave indications then and again on Monday, of good training. Her most flagrant defect seemed to be a habit of forcing her tones for the sake of power. Her sister contralto, who made her debut in 'Trovatore,' Mlle. Ganna Tiozzo, deserves also a meed of praise.

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